

So come to the great departmentals of trade;  
*The Big Gun* is the sign, and is always displayed.  
All painted in Red, White, and Blue, which won't  
fade;  
He leads, does this Mr. J. Bull.

N. B. —  
But if you should chance to step over the way,  
And trade with a rival — now, mind what I  
say —  
Perhaps the *Big Gun* may be brought into play —  
" 'Tis my way, sir!" says Mr. J. Bull.

### **The Power of Song**

AN INCIDENT OF THE BRITISH COURT

The Court was hushed, and every eye was bent  
upon the Queen,  
Whose face was womanly and kind, and all her  
looks serene:  
"Bring forth the singer;" she was brought, and  
in that Presence stood,  
A daughter of the Celtic race, bright, beautiful,  
and good.

"Sing one of Erin's sad sweet songs," the good  
Queen kindly said;  
And then the singer paused to think, and bowed  
her graceful head:  
She thought of Erin's ancient fame, when kings  
of native birth  
Rode proudly forth in royal state, the noblest of  
the earth.